

[Perkins' Repair Shop by Carrera_os](#)

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Summary:

Day 14 Road trip

“You’re the mechanic?” Billy asks in disbelief, Steve’s coveralls are pristine, no smears of oil, fingernails immaculate, he is pretty sure Steve is not in fact a mechanic, especially with the pastel polo he can see sticking out from the opening of his coveralls. Out of the two of them Billy looks more like the mechanic in his white ribbed tank and jeans, covered in grease, and his scuffed up boot.

“I’m the only one here sugar,” Steve says as he leads Billy over to his car before pulling away and Billy barely resists reaching out to pull him close again as he watches Steve pop the hood on his Camaro with practiced ease. “Were you expecting someone else?” He asks teasingly like this happens all the time, giving Billy a heated look over his shoulder with a wink before he is bending over the engine, the stretch pulling those coveralls even tighter against his thick ass,

hands skimming over parts, probing and touching, using a light to get a better look at deeper things.

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Author's Note:

Day Fourteen Road Trip from the Harringrove April
Prompts

Perkins' Repair Shop

Billy could have flown, he should have flown, what is the point of all his money if he is not taking advantage of it, but he needed a break and for some god forsaken reason he thought a road trip was the way to go. He must be cracking after all these years, he has definitely gone soft coming to Hawkins to see Max graduate, they are not even close. She called though and asked him to come, he kind of missed her, distance and time making him nostalgic and he had not been able to resist her plea even after all of these years.

So Billy took off from work, something he normally would not do. Running an empire means being constantly present but he figures for a few days his second in command can keep things afloat. He still should have flown, driving had been kind of fun at first, Billy missed driving on the open roads instead of the city. He stopped at little shops that caught his eye along the way, picked up a few stupid knickknacks for Max that will probably just end up staying in his trunk forever. The last two days through it has been nothing but farmland and fruit stands, the smell of manure heavy in the air.

When smoke starts billowing from the hood of his car it is easy to find a place to pull over. Billy spends nearly thirty minutes with his back baking in the sun as he leans over the engine of his car, coming up empty on the cause of the fire that thankfully went out on its own, whatever the problem is it is something he cannot see or get to with the tools he keeps in the trunk. Lucky for him he is not left to wonder which direction he should head in for help as a tow truck comes down the road pulling over at the sight of his car.

“Need a lift?” The man ‘Bob’ according to the little embroidered patch on his coveralls asks with an accent that most the people he has come across since last night have had and Billy just nods watching his car get hooked up. “I’ll take yah over to the Perkins’ Repair shop, probably the only place even open on a Sunday round here.” The man says it like Billy should be aware of that, he just nods along as he settles into the passenger seat of the tow truck shaking his head when the man offers him a cup full of sunflower seeds. “So where yah headed son?”

“Hawkins, my sister is graduating.” Billy offers, willing to make a little small talk, the man did save him a long walk on a hot dusty road after all.

“You’re almost there. Perkins’ is just on the edge of town, got one of my own graduating too.” Bob announces proudly with a crooked smile proceeding to fill the rest of the silence with talk of his kids, which suits Billy just fine, he has never really had a taste for making small talk.

The place they pull into is bigger than Billy is expecting for such a small town, with a lot of open space around it, plenty of room to expand if things ever get built up around it. The garage itself has four bays for cars, all but one currently closed and a decent sized store front and lobby off to the side, a big sign that Billy could see miles out reading ‘Perkins’ Repair Shop’. There are only two cars in the lot and Billy can just barely make out two people talking in the front of the shop as Bob unloads his car into the open bay.

“Come on kid.” Bob says clapping a hand on Billy’s back like they are lifelong friends, Billy does not much care for the familiarity but there is something about the man that keeps his heckles from rising as he leads him up front. Another customer is just leaving as they step into the lobby and Billy is met with something unexpected, who would have thought he would come across someone so pretty out here in the middle of nowhere.

“Hey Bob.” The man greets, big brown eyes scanning over to Billy giving him a once over before his attention is back on Bob “What yah got for me?” Billy wants that attention back on him.

“Hey Stevie, found this city boy stranded on the side of the road, think you can handle him?” Bob asks, looking at his watch, Steve’s eyes find Billy again scanning up and down his body slow and heavy, making Billy lick over his lips, he knows what that kind of look means, makes his pants start to tighten.

“Oh I don’t think it’ll be a problem, you can head on home.” Steve turns a friendly smile to Bob who hesitates, looking at Billy suddenly like maybe he could be a threat. “I’m a big boy Bob, I don’t need a babysitter, it’s nearly closing I won’t have to worry about anyone else and don’t you have a graduation party to start prepping for?” Steve sounds mildly annoyed but mostly fond and it makes something relax in Billy that had gone tight at the change in Bob’s attitude.

“If you’re sure, it’s just after what happened last year-” Bob cuts himself off as Steve holds a hand up looking a little annoyed.

“That wasn’t one guy and they got what they had coming to them.” Steve’s tone is sharp, dangerous and Billy is curious but there is something tight and uncomfortable there too so he does not press, time for that later.

“All right.” Bob nods, looking a little solemn before turning a look on Billy that he is pretty sure is supposed to be threatening but it is failing, Steve’s attitude shifting with it, trying not to laugh as the man warns Billy. “I hear about you giving Stevie any trouble and there’s going to be hell to pay, yah here”

“Yes sir.” Billy answers truthfully, he is not going to give Steve anything he does not want and judging by the look he is giving Billy behind Bob’s back he wants a lot.

“See Bob, me and” Steve pauses as he comes around the counter, coveralls tight in all the right places, they have been fitted, giving Billy an appreciation for his long lean body, as he cocks his head in question.

“Billy” Billy answers the unasked question with a charming smile, letting Steve hook his arm around his elbow when he stands next to him.

“Me and Billy here will be just fine.” Steve says patting Billy’s bicep, fingers lingering.

“Alright, I’ll see you at the party tomorrow?” Bob asks, already heading for the door with one last squint at Billy.

“Yeah, Dustin will lose his shit if I don’t go, you know how he gets.” Steve laughs and both him and Bob share a laugh before the door falls closed.

“So Billy, how about we go take a look at your car, see if I can’t suss out the problem for you.” Steve turns to Billy, arm still hooked around his.

“You’re the mechanic?” Billy asks in disbelief, Steve’s coveralls are pristine, no smears of oil, fingernails immaculate, he is pretty sure Steve is not in fact a mechanic, especially with the pastel polo he can see sticking out from the opening of his coveralls. Out of the two of them Billy looks more like the mechanic in his white ribbed tank and jeans, covered in grease, and his scuffed up boot.

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over his shoulder with a wink before he is bending over the engine, the stretch pulling those coveralls even tighter against his thick ass, hands skimming over parts, probing and touching, using a light to get a better look at deeper things.

“Yeah as a matter of fact I was.” Billy admits, moving closer when Steve gives a laugh, shooting Billy another heated look, eyes roving over him before he tilts his head in a come closer motion. He does not have to be summed twice, more than happy to get up in Steve’s space. Billy peers over Steve’s shoulders for all of two seconds before he drops them to get a better look at that ass, drops the pretense altogether because his little road trip ends in this town anyway, why not enjoy a little distraction.

“I’m the only one here but I could give Earl a call if you really want.” Steve offers playfully as he moves back lightly, there is not much space for him and he presses back right against Billy’s hips, his half hard cock kicking with interest as it fills out more. Steve’s bangs fall in his eyes and he twists his neck and looks back at Billy through his lashes. “Well, should I go call Earl for yah mister?” He asks with a soft lick over his lips and a roll of his hips that has Billy sucking in a sudden breath.

“No I don’t think we’ll be needing Earl, pretty boy.” Billy says as he drops his hands to Steve’s waist, pressing him forward, cock leaking against the inside of his jeans. “Unless you don’t have a condom, then we might need some help.”

“We’re in luck Mr. Perkins keeps a stash in the top drawer of his desk.” Steve points at the nearest desk against the back wall and it is not his business, he should not care but Billy wants to know if he is special or if Steve is just going around giving it up for everyone.

“Why? So his little boy can give it up to all his customers.” Billy asks something mean in his voice, he never likes the idea of just being one of many, rolling his hips harder and dragging a moan out of Steve.

Steve huffs and pushes Billy away, Billy not expecting it is caught off guard, stumbling back a little at the suddenness, Steve is stronger than his lean build suggests. He gives Billy an unimpressed look as he moves over to the desk. “First of all ew, no asshole. He keeps them here because he doesn’t want Tommy knocking up Carol before they’ve even graduated and the two of them don’t know how to keep it in their pants.” He settles on the little rolling chair as he fishes out a condom and a packet of lube from the drawer, swiveling toward Billy. “Second of all if you’re going to be a dick I’m going to change my mind.” He hisses glaring at Billy and it just makes his belly burn with heat.

“Now are you going to fuck me, or should I really just call Earl? Whatever is wrong with your engine is beyond my skill and I can happily go home and fuck myself if you are not up to the task.” Steve says smugly like he knows Billy is going to take him up on his offer and of course he is.

“You fuck yourself a lot pretty boy?” Billy asks, stalking forward licking over his teeth undeterred by the triumph shining in Steve’s eyes.

“What else am I supposed to do in this dinky little town, it’s not like the local college boys can keep up with me?” Steve asks, batting his eyes up at Billy when he steps between his spread thighs, taking the lube from his hand. “Not everyday someone as attractive as you comes across my path.” Steve says slowly, pulling the zipper of his coveralls down.

“Hot piece of ass like you probably gets plenty of offers.” Billy falls to his knees between Steve’s thighs, the chair low enough to let him lean up and kiss at Steve’s neck. Steve squirms, working his arms out of his coveralls, Billy blindly helping by pulling at the material, dragging it down to pool around Steve’s waist.

“Doesn’t mean they’re good ones” Steve pouts and Billy lurches up, the idea that he is a good one getting him right where Steve wants

him and Billy does not care that he is being led. He catches that bottom lip between his teeth before pressing his lips properly against his mouth, tongue sliding over that swelling lip and pressing in, Steve's tongue sliding against his as they kiss. "You're going to be good to me right?" Steve asks as the kiss breaks, hands framing Billy's cheeks and he has never wanted to be better for someone in his life than he does right now looking into those big brown eyes.

"So good." Billy promises, kissing him again long and hard before he pulls away and works Steve's work boots from his feet, tossing them to the side, eyes heavy on Steve "Need you to stand so we can get you out of all these clothes baby." He tugs at Steve's waist and he goes up easy, hands falling against Billy's shoulder, brown eyes watching Billy as he tugs the coveralls down his legs, Steve stepping out of it without prompting. "Will you take your polo off for me?"

"If you ask nicely." Steve says it soft, face gentle and heated as he licks over his lips, hand coming up to stroke at Billy's chin.

Anyone else and he would rebuke them but there is something about Steve that makes Billy's lips part on a "Please." The smile that splits across his face goes right to Billy's dick, bright and happy, he wants to kiss it, instead he works Steve's tight pants open.

"So good." Steve praises and Billy's dick is even harder against his inseam, he barely even notices when Steve removes not one but two polos, does not even think to mock as his eyes scan up over pale mole dotted skin, he wants to trace them with his tongue. The condom packet flutters to the ground, going unnoticed by both of them as Billy drags his zipper down. The tight white briefs underneath keep Steve's dick confined but Billy can tell it is big as he drags his jeans down his legs, leans close and starts mouthing at it through his tighty whities, dragging a gasp from Steve.

"Fuck yeah, that's good, so good." Steve rambles, as Billy's spit soaks through his underwear and his pants find a home tossed away on the garage floor somewhere. Billy slides his hands up the back of Steve's

calves, feeling him buckle slightly as his finger grazes over the backs of his knees, over his thick thighs to palm his even thicker ass.

Billy looks up at Steve through hooded eyes, catching the band with his teeth, watching the way Steve's eyes dilate as he drags it down, Steve's cock coming out to slap against his belly as Billy uses his hand to drag his underwear all the way down and off of Steve. Billy pushes him back into the chair, fishing the lube packet from next to his knees and rips it open while watching Steve. Steve, whose cheeks are ruddy, flushed all the way down to his rosy budded nipples with a hand stroking over his cock as he watches Billy work the lube packet open.

Steve hums with a little nod when Billy looks at him with a question in his eyes, spreads his legs wider giving Billy more room to press in closer. Billy uses his clean hand to skim over Steve's soft inner thigh, thumb circling every little mole he finds, mouth kissing the moles on his other thigh as he press a lube slick finger between Steve's cheeks, rubbing up and down before circling his rim with intent, pushing in slowly, eyes on Steve.

Steve chews on his lower lips and strokes his cock faster, eyes on Billy's. "Come on, I can take it." He encourages squirming and taking Billy's finger a little deeper, huffing when Billy does not press in faster. "I thought you were going to be good to me?" Steve pouts down at him, eyes big and Billy turns his head, nips at his thigh hard, makes Steve moan and buck his hips, sinking his finger in fully.

"I'm going to take such good care of you baby." Billy says, slowly working that finger in and out of Steve, loosening him up. "You have to be good to, be a good boy and ask for what you want." Steve makes a noise in the back of his throat, panting, as that flush deepens and spreads dick dripping pre and Billy presses for more as he slowly adds a second finger. "Go on baby asks daddy."

Steve goes even redder, dick kicking in his hand as he strokes it faster, hand making slick noises from all the pre spilling out of him.

“Shit” Steve curses squirming, toes finding perches on Billy’s knees, curling as Steve wrestles with indecision for a long minute before finally deciding to give Billy what he wants, Eyes hooded as he catches Billy’s and moans out “Please daddy.” Billy crooks his fingers as he says it utterly delighted, dick hard and aching in his jeans, pre staining through leaving him with a dark patch on the front of them.

“Please what?” Billy can tell he is close, toes curling, balls drawing up but he deliberately misses Steve’s prostate as he scissors his fingers, waiting for him to ask.

“Please finger fuck me ‘till I cum.” Steve cries out the hand not on his dick digging groves into the chair handle so hard it makes little plastic curls fall off. Billy does not waste any time adding a third finger and really fucking his finger into Steve with great speed, pressing into his prostate deliberately each time. Steve shakes and quakes as Billy’s other hand grabs his cock, his own hand falling away and Billy strokes him just as fast as he is fingering him. Steve does not last much longer, shooting hotly all over Billy’s hand and his own stomach as Billy bends and mouths at his balls, a few spurts even land in his hair.

Billy milks a few more spurts from him before he pulls his hands and mouth away from Steve’s most sensitive spots, leaning up past the pool of cum on Steve’s belly to start kissing up his chest. Something warm curling in his chest as Steve’s hands find his hair petting over his locks as praise falls from his lips, orgasm taking any hesitation out of him. “You did good daddy, so good to me.” Steve arches letting out a breathy moan as Billy catches a nipple between his teeth, one hand working at his jeans open as he bites and sucks at it, shirt falling against Steve’s belly and sopping up Steve’s cum from his stomach.

Steve catches his chin, leads him up away from his tender nipple, kisses him soft and slow before pulling back with a coy little smile. “We’re not done yet, right daddy? You’re going to be good to me some more?”

“Yeah daddy’s going to take such good care of you pretty boy.” Billy groans out, face pressing into Steve’s neck, so fucking pretty and willing to play, how the hell did Billy chance on him during a stupid road trip for Max’s graduation, it is baffling. He kisses a trail up Steve’s neck, over his chin before catching his mouth again in another heated kiss, dick hard and standing out from the V of his zipper sliding against Steve’s slick crack.

Billy shifts, eyeing his car and the open hood, the little laugh Steve lets out, drawing him back. “You want to fuck me bent over your engine, huh?” Steve asks with a knowing smile, dragging Billy up into another kiss whispering against his mouth “I’d be into that.” Billy catches him off guard by catching him around the waist and lifting him up, standing with only minor difficulty out of his kneeling position, Steve squeaking, arms and legs both wrapping around Billy. “A warning would have been nice big guy.” He huffs out like his dick is not already half hard again and kicking against Billy’s stomach just from this show of strength.

“Where’s the fun in that baby.” Billy teases, mouthing against Steve’s collar bone on the short trip to the car before settling Steve down and pushing him to lean over the engine. “You’re so fucking pretty.” Billy rasps as he kisses down the back of Steve’s neck, making him shudder and pant, little breathy moans slipping from his mouth. “Want to fuck you so bad baby boy.” Billy, hands stroke over Steve’s ribs, mouth pressing against each knob of his spine, lower, lower, Steve’s noises getting a little louder as he moves and Steve shifts from side to side eager.

“Then fuck me daddy!” Steve shouts as Billy bites into the meat of his ass hard before sucking, determined to leave a mark on him. “Please” He begs, tone whining as he presses back against Billy’s mouth. “Please, take care of me daddy please!”

“Shit.” Billy curses, moving back up Steve’s body fast, dick leaking and hard, already slick and sliding between Steve’s cheeks as he

kisses at his neck, tip pressing over Steve's rim making him whine and buck back. The condom completely forgotten in the heat of the moment, it does not cross either of their minds now. "Shush baby, daddy's got you." Billy says, hands dragging Steve's cheeks further apart as he lifts up off of Steve and watches his dick slowly slide in.

"Fuck yes, yes." Steve shouts as Billy fills him, pressing in a little faster as impatiens wins out. Billy keeps the pace steady and slow, just enjoying the view of his dick sliding in and out of Steve for a bit before he starts to increase his pace, hands steady on Steve's hips keeping him in place. "Come on faster, faster, please daddy!" Steve begs, hands still braced on the edges of the car, keeping his face from hitting the engine as Billy starts picking up his pace, not about to deny Steve when he asks so nicely.

Billy is so in lust with this pretty boy, dick aching as he fucks into him, pushing one of Steve's legs up and it goes so easy, knee sliding up on the edge of the bumper changing the angle and letting Billy get even deeper. "You're so good, god your dick, it's so deep." The words keep spilling out of Steve's mouth between cries and moans like he cannot contain them, just as lost as Billy.

"You're so tight, so fucking warm, feel so good baby." Billy rambles his own words just as uncontainable as he gets closer and closer to the edge.

"I'm close daddy, please please can I cum?" Steve asks and it makes Billy's balls draw up, makes his dick start spilling inside of him.

"Yeah baby, cum for daddy." Billy gets a hand on Steve's dick stroking it quick as he thrusts a few more times, feeling Steve tighten up and cum all over his bumper just as he starts going soft inside of him. Billy keeps stroking Steve's cock, not about to leave him wanting, he does not stop touching until Steve whines, arms giving out and Billy narrowly catches him before he can end up pressed against the dirty engine.

Billy drags them both to the ground before he lets go of Steve flopping back against the stone floor, a little surprised and pleased when Steve panting and lax climbs into his lap. Steve cups his face bringing their panting mouths together in a filthy kiss that has heat in Billy's belly but his dick is not ready for round two, not yet. "You're kind of a pervert huh?" Steve asks, grinning all fucked out and pleased before he kisses Billy again when he just grunts still trying to regain his breath.

"I kind of like it." Steve says with a grin that has Billy huffing *kind of*, fucking brat, god Billy is so fucked, lurching up and dragging him down for another kiss. Steve makes a noise into the kiss hand reaching back as Billy pulls away. "You got me all dirty daddy, you're going to clean me up right?" Steve asks, all big eyes and simpering, hand coming up covered in shiny cum and lube fingers pressing against Billy's lips.

"Yeah baby, daddy's going to clean you up so good." Billy licks over the fingers Steve presses into his mouth, he wants to clean him out with his tongue and get him dirty all over again.

"You're car isn't getting fixed for a day or two, guess you're stuck here for a few days, you going to get a hotel room?" Steve asks something a little vulnerable and unsure in his gaze.

"Actually Hawkins was my destination, here for my little sister's reunion. I didn't get a room yet, have a suggestion on where I should stay?" Billy asks with meaning, wants Steve to offer, hopes he does, he would love nothing more than to spend the next few days becoming better acquainted with Steve.

"Most of the good places are all booked up already on account of the graduation ceremony, I could offer you a good deal on a guest room if you're interested." Steve says bolder, Billy's finger sliding up over his thighs, more than willing to play.

“What's your price baby boy?” Billy asks, hands skimming up Steve's stomach, his ribs, stroking over skin pricking with goose flesh as sweat begins to cool.

“Keep being good to me while you're here daddy.” Steve whispers as Billy drags him down close, mouths a breathe away.

“You got yourself a deal pretty boy.” Billy rasps mouth catching Steve's in a filthy kiss, turns out this little road trip wasn't such a waste of time after all.

-End

Author's Note:

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